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For the National Era

[COPYRIGHT SECURED BY THE AUTHOR.] MARK SUTHERLAND:

POWER AND PRINCIPLE. BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAP. XXVII. He seeth only what is fair.

He sippoth only what is exect;

He will laugh at fate and care.

Leave the chaff and take the whest.

And Rosalie passed into a large, square, well-ordered kitchen, over which presided another Billy—Mrs. Attridge's ex-servant, and now Rosalie's maid-of-all-work. And the short history of the transfer of his services was this: Mr. and Mrs. Attridge having no family, grew lonely, and tired of housekeeping in the country. So they broke up housekeeping, sold their furniture, rented out their place, and came to Shelton, and took rooms at Gardner's Hotel.

Hotel.
So Billy was out of a place. A great many housekeepers would have been glad to hire Billy. Billy, like all invaluable geniuses, had a great many eccentricities and difficulties to be got over. He wouldn't live in a row of houses, or in any sort of a house, that wasn't a handsome

"Well, you might a-known it, then! You always knowed I liked you and him."
"I thought you refused to go out to service "I fused all them there," said Billy, chuc ing his thumh contemptuously over his she der, pointing in the direction of the village

der, pointing in the direction of the village—
"think I'm agoin' to live in a bake-oven, like them there red brick houses?"

"But you might have gone to the country."
"Yes, but you know most all on 'em were so ill—I mean the people, and for that matter the houses too—and then they kept pigs, as made an onpleasant fragrance, and childun, as made werry onpleasant noises. And some places, the missus was 'ither ugly in her temper, or her face, or in both, which is dreadful. And in other places the master was alway a interfering with the dinner or the dishcloths, in a very misbecoming manner. Some on 'em were not nice in their ways; and what 'couragement would it be to me to put on a nice clean ment would it be to me to put on a nice clean apron every day, with a nice stiff crease ironed down in the middle of it, to sarve people as wan't nice themselves? So the long and the short of it is, ma'am, that I'm come to live

did not speak her thought, and say—"But we did not send for you, Billy." Yet nevertheless Billy guessed it, for he answered as if she had

my trunk and bundle. I paid a man twenty-five cents, to help me bring them over. I redon I can stay, if I 'gree to stay on your own tarms," said Billy, betraying pitcous anxi-

his fears at rost. "Indeed Billy, we shall be delighted to have you. You will be an invaluable acquisition to us. I am only very much surprised that you should have given us the Preference."

A bright glad smile broke over honest Bil-

A bright glad smile broke over honest Billy's fame. "Why, you see ma'am, I don't care how much work I have to do—I does it cheerful. I don't care how little wages I gets, I takes it—contented. But I aint got but one life to live on this yeth, and while I do live, I must—I must—I must live in a pretty place, long o' pretty people. Anything else smothers of me—it stiffes of me—it gives me the—I mean it makes my wittels disagree with me." And so saying Billy shouldered his bundle and trunk, and took them up into the loft over the kitchen, as if he had slept there all his life, and knew the way. And then he came down, and took two big buckets, to go to the well. And so, without more ado, Billy was inaugurated in his new place and duties. And a most "invaluable acquisition" he really proved. Billy had now been living several months with the Sutherlands.

Rosalie assured him that the longer stayed the better she should be pleased. A then, as Billy had put supper on the table, invited him in to that meal. And Mr. Bolli

The National Bra is Published Weekly, on house one morning Billy bounced suddenly in upon Rosalie, as she stood arranging the breakupon Rosalie, as she stood arranging the break-fast table, and asked—

"How long is your uncle-in-law going to stay here?" ay here '"
"I do not know, Billy; probably all his life."
"Oh! he is! Well, I tell you, one of us two's got to leave ! 12 Just as you please, Billy. You know, of

course, we can't turn out a guest, to gratify "Well, I give you warning—that's all!" and Billy bounced out in high dudgeon. But

presently he came back again.

"Look here, ma'am; I don't want to be on-"Look here, ma am; I don't want to be one reasonable, but just consider what a difference it makes in my washing and ironing. Look here! every day your uncle in law puts on a spic span clean suit, all out! every day, clean

jacket, clean trousers, clean shirt, clean what-you-call-ems, and clean cravat, and pocket-handkerchiefs, and clean socks. Now, count. There's reven pieces every day, and seven days in the week; now, how much is seven sevens?—

"Forty-nine!"
"Well, there's forty-nine pieces of clothing, to say nothing of four sheets and two bolster elips, and two pillow slips, and fourteen towels, and table napkins, I have extra washing and ironing for him every week. Now, I'm going to count, and see how much it all 'mounts to—ninety-two pieces! Ninety-two pieces extra washing and ironing I have to do, all along of your pet uncle-in-law! now, you know I can't stand that! No reasonable 'oman would want me to stand it!" said Billy, appealingly.

"No, of course not," said 'Rose, thoughtfully.

"Well, I think he ought to staid there."

"We will put out Mr. Bolling's washing."

"And put yourself to an extra 'spense, and not have clothes half done? No, I cant 'pose on you that way, neither. Well, I'll not give warning yet awhile! I'll see how long I can stand it!" And Billy left the room, and took more pains to please his gentle mistress that day than he ever did before.

CHAP, XXVIII.

Though with my high wrongs I am struck to th quick,
quick,
you with my nobler reason 'gainst my anger
be I take part. The better action is
In patience than in vengeance.—Shakspeare.

Mark Sutherland had been home eight days before he broke to Rosalie the sad news of his uncle's betrayal of his trust, and her own loss of fortune. Rosalie heard it, with sorrow and amazement. She replied by not one word, but dropped her head upon her hands, and remained silent so long that her husband became anxious and alarmed. In truth, it was a most bitter disappointment to the young wife—she had looked forward to her coming of age and to her coming into possession of her fortune, with so much impatience, with such bright anticipation, not for herself, but for her husband's sake. It would have placed them in so much more favorable circumstances. It would have relaxed the tight, sham, office work, from the overtasked, weary lawyer, and left him more leisure for the study of the higher and more attractive and more honorable branches of his dry profession. It would have afforded him means and leisure for engaging actively in political life, and never was the country more in Mark Sutherland had been home eight day litical life, and never was the country more in need of honest men "to the fore." It would have enabled him to assist largely in the public have enabled him to assist largely in the public improvements of the growing city. Nay, what good might they not have done with the large fortune that was lost? Indeed, it was a sudden, stunning blow to Rosalie; and oh! worse than all, was the thought of him whose guilty hand had dealt that blow. She sat so long overwhelmed, as it were, by the shock, that her husband—Heaven forgive him—misunderstood her silence and stillness, and misconstrued her noble heart. He said—

"Rosalie, my love, look up! This loss of fortune, which you take so much to heart, is not inevitable, irrecoverable. Disclaim the signature, expose the forgery"—

She raised her head, and looked up at him, with wonder in her mild, mournful eyes.

"And what then?"

"And what then?" "Your estate cannot then be touched by the

forged mortgage."
"And the man who confidingly loaned the

"And the man who confidingly loaned the money on the mortgage?"

"Will lose forty thousand dollars."

"And—and—Clement Sutherland!"

"May go to the State's prison for ten years."

She suddenly dropped her head upon her hands, and shuddered through all her frame, and remained silent for another while. And then she raised up and threw herself in his arms, and clasped him around the neck, say-

valuable acquisition" he really proved. Billy had now been living several months with the Sutherlands.

To return: Rosalie went into the kitchen, to give directions to Billy about the supper. She found him sitting down, stirring the batter for the pancakes. She told she expected a stranger to tea, and that he must make coffee also, and dress two prairie fowls, and broil some ham. And next she went into her dining-room and set her table, adorning it with her finest damask table-cloth, and best china, and placing upon it her nicest cakes and preserves. She was so engaged when Mr. Sutherland returned, bringing in Uncle Billy.

I cannot do anything like justice to the vociterous joy with which Mr. Bolling rushed upon his dear niece, as he called Rosalie. She possibly can, my dear niece. Although a man like me has a great many conflicting claims upon his time and presence of course, nevertheless I intend to stay with you as long as possible. In the transm and clasped him around the neck, say in grand clasped him around the neck, say in grand clasped him around the neck, say in grand claspe

"That is a woman's thought! Men would deem it a stern duty to prosecute the crimi-

that this is the old man's first offence, under great temptation; that it surely will be his last; that punishment, in his case, would not be reformatory, but ruinous; that no one can be tempted by the impunity of his crime, since no one but curselyes know it."

This was all that was said then. Mr. Bolling's antennes interpreted them.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM CUBA.

To the Editor of the National Era: I remember to have seen, somewhere, an old bill of the Haymarket, of the days when the "beauty of the science of defence" used to be displayed on those boards, in which, after the usual setting forth of the names of the perform-ers and the feats to be performed, follows this notice: "Frenchmen are requested to bring smelling-bottles!" This considerate advertisesmelling-bottles!" This considerate advertise-ment ought to be extended to all persons who venture upon spending a day at the chief hotel of Matanzas. The very frames of the windows in this loathly house are odorous of bad cook-ing, and the stone floors are foul as unwashed plates. The fresh air, circulating freely through the open architecture peculiar to these Southern lands, cannot chase away the ancient, mouldy smells that flutter all about the house, and, sitting in the open verandah, one has but to close his eves on the scene without to fancy

beyond lie the stately ships that link this tropic port with all the regions of the North. How degrading is the thought that the misdoings of a shabby lord of misrule within the house have power to mar the pleasant impressions of this gay and beautiful scene!

My friends in divers parts of the island have assisted me to such a quiet, satisfactory enjoyment of my exile, that my plans of spendhave been completely deranged, and my short experience of this hotel has quite put to rest any regrets on that score which had not been lulled before by my conviction that an invalid could not do better than give himself up to the "We will put out Mr. Bolling's washing."
"And put yourself to an extra 'spense, and could not do better than give wouldn't live in a family that had babies, or hadn't cows and a garden. Poultry was also indispensable, and pigs totally inadmissible. And lastly, he wouldn't live—no, not in town or country, neither for love nor money, with anybody who was not good looking. There—to use Billy's own words—he set his foot down, and no one could move him from that position. And so it fell out that Billy would accept no place in Shelton, but continued hanging on to the skirts of his old master and mistress at Gardner's Hotel.

But one day, it happened that Rosalie, after she had dismissed her afternoon school, stood at her nice white kitchen table, kneading hread for supper, when a shadow darkening the door, and the sound of something dumped suddenly down upon the floor, caused her to turn around. There stood Billy, in his pale blue cotton jacket and trousers, and clean linen apron and straw hat, with a great bundle at his back, and a heavy trunk at his feet. Down he dropped the bundle upon the trunk, and heaving a deep sigh of relief, said—"I'm been looking for you to send arter me to come and live 'long o' you. Why aint you sant afore this? Don't like to be a-losing smuch time?"

"We will put out Mr. Bolling's washing."
"And put yourself to an extra 'spense, and cone of pleas to moth the room, and took more pains to please his gentle mistress that day than he ever did before.

There was no love lost on Mr. Bolling's side the first and it?" and "Bo all strey" and "is be an idot?" and "Bo left or an idot?" and "Bo late flow of a wist to the "conantie where all gathered round the dinner table, Mr. Bolling said to his ning to from his lips and not have earlied to associate with the some of please his gentle mistress that day than he ever did before.

There was no love lost on Mr. Bolling's side the mistress that day than he ever did before.

There was no love lost on Mr. Bolling's side the his mistress that the flow of a reviving influences of pleasant society in a kindly atmosphere. Yet I should have been sorry to quit Cuba without paying the tribute of a visit to the "romantic valley of Yumun," whereof I had read so much in the verses of my old friends, the Cuban poets, and to the birthplace and seene of martyrdom of the gifted and unfortunate Placido. The theory that ed and unfortunate Placido. The theory that picturesque scenery is the heaven-appointed nurse of poets is hardly borne out by facts, and we might, perhaps, come nearer the truth by saying that the poets of all lands have made the scenery of their homes picturesque. How-ever this may be, there can be no doubt that the picturesque beauty of Matanzas and its en-virons is a particularly pleasant thing to those who have learned to associate its name with the best fruits of intellectual effort that Cuba the best fruits of intellectual effort that Cuba has yet produced. Commerce is always transfigured to us in a foreign land, where, knowing little of its agents, and being brought into contact with none of its petty details and more belittling influences, we contemplate it in its grand reality, and can feel the full majesty of its wondrous workings. Sugars are invested with a singular dignity, and even molasses be-comes romantic in the tropics. Still, one is glad that another interest beside that which attaches to sugars and to molasses, breathes like the south wind over this delicious town,

As I sat last night at my hotel window, my too keen sense of the abominations within doors slowly gave way to a luxurious reverie, tranquil as the motionless waters of the bay on which I gazed, and lit up by thoughts serenely bright as the countless stars that so shone in the clear sky as simest to make me fargat or for give, at least, the absence of the moon. I admit that my placid enjoyment of this reverie was most miserably disturbed by a brawl beneath my windows, between the crews of two boats at the quay. The spear-bearing policemen came running up; but high and loud above the din of thwacks and kicks rose the profane war-cries of the Anglo-Saxon race; and the guardians of the city's peace forthwith resolved themselves into an audience, and stood by to watch the sport, which they appeared to enjoy as intensely as if they were Romans and resolved themselves into an audience, and stood by to watch the sport, which they appeared to enjoy as intensely as if they were Romans and the belligerent tars Dacian barbarians, import ed to make them helyday. The battle, though fierce, was brief; and when it ceased, the combatants, like true "doruxenoi," departed all together to drink the draught of peace. The bruit of this vulgar quarrel passed over the holy silence of the night, if as foully yet as swift'y as a puff of pitchy smoke disappears under the blue heaven of a summer's day, and left no trace behind. The far-off ships grew dim on the bay; the lines of light along the curving city faded, light by light; and in the dead hush of the night! I thought again of the brave Placido in the solemn vigils of his last night on earth. The manly farewell taken by Juan de Padilla of his wife, when he consented to die with the liberties of Spain, is famous in the history of human nobleness; but the not less manly death of Placido has no place in the calendar of heroism. The Pariah, who may not sit with his Cauçasian lords when living, must not be remembered with them when dead. No thoughtful man can wish for the triumph of Barbarism over civilization, or even of an inferior availingting core. No thoughtful man can wish for the triumph of Barbarism over civilization, or even of an inferior civilization over a higher; but the heart cannot the less grant its tribute of admiration to a hero, that the head must decide against the cause he espouses. Hereward the Saxon must be a glorious figure, even in the eyes of those who see most clearly the superiority of the Norman society over the Saxon; and I pity the man whose philosophy of history makes him indifferent to the fate of the self-taught and high-hearted slave whose farewell to life breathed only filial love and the conscious breathed only filial love and the conscious sense of right. I think you will forgive me if I republish here this farewell, in a translation which, though irregular, is yet verbally faith-

To-day I made a hurried excusion about the city and neighborhood, finding many things to make me regret the loss of my proposed visit in this quarter. Matanzas, as you know, is the second city in importance in Cuba, containing about 23,000 inhabitant; and its commerce, particularly with the United States, is very considerable. The quay has a busy aspect, though the city in general is much less lively and animated than Havana. One sees wooden houses, too, once in a while; and as the proportion of foreigners to the population is generally larger here than in the capital, one hears more English spoken. Matanzas has its forts, sufficiently formidable to serve as eyebrows on the the face of a scene that, without them, would be in the strongest possible contrast with the ferocious name which it bears — Matanzas meaning nothing milder than massacres, and To-day I made a hurried excusion about the

deal of trouble in order to look on a rather indistinct map. But the Cumbre is not distressingly high, and the world seen from its top does not appear ridiculously small. There is a fine scunidero, too, near the city—a cave, that is—down which a river roshes in the rainy to the content of the results of t

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1853.

season, to join a subterranean stream which roars underground all the year through. These would for mal-treatment of slaves. roars underground all the year through. These openings in the earth are very common in the island, which, in fact, would seem to be completely undermined by them. The occasion I giving way of an arch in this mighty cellarage, here and there, I should think, might age, here and there, I should think, might way the inhabitants above stairs rather nerpolice officer, I suppose, have cheated the earth-

quake of its terrors.

A pleasant trip from Matanzas may be made to the beautiful little river Caminar—the Hud-Southern lands, cannot chase away the ancient, mouldy smells that flutter all about the house, and, sitting in the open verandah, one has but to close his eyes on the scene without, to fancy himself in the rez de chaussée of one of those ignoble bourgeoise houses of Paris, the fragrance of which I had heretofore supposed to be quite unlike anything beyond the walls of the "capital of civilization." Beneath the hotel windows runs a quay, lively with sailors and merchants; over the shallow waters of the inper harbor small craft of all sizes and sorts are forever busily plying, and in the ample have son river of Cuba-a sinuous, silent stream,

in detail.

The Paseo of Matanzas, though less extensive, is even more delightful than that of Havana—the trees being finer, the views ampler, and the ladies loveher. But why do I draw comparisons in this way? Like sweet music stirring the fragrant air of mounlit September nights upon the sacred Rhine—like songs wafted softly over the calm waters of Leman, while the Alps of Savoy glowed like molten gold in the red, evening light—like these, and all delights that immortalize for us some fortunate hour, the memories of these brilliant eveningshows in the tropics are sufficient each to itself, ambrosial each, and not to be put in rivalry one with the other. The Paseo is the poetry of ambrosial each, and not to be put in rivalry one with the other. The Paseo is the poetry of processions. In our northern world a procession on foot is a sad sight, for the eye instinctively wanders from the gay trappings of the wretched pedestrians down to the weary mudbespattered legs—a procession on wheels is a stupid sight; for, whether the dull glass coach or in the vulgar barouche, men planted vis-avis in motionless pairs cannot look intelligent or interesting. A procession in the north must be either meaningless or disagreeable to the lookers-on. But the Paseo—the Paseo has all the brilliancy of the ball-room, without its confinement—the splendid movements of the Champs Elysées, without their defiant exclusiveness. Those beautiful, gaily-dressed ladies pass continually in review before you, and nobody whisks them away into the whirlpool of the dance; those costly vehicles are all open to the dance; those costly vehicles are all open to your gaze; those glittering liveries do not at once suggest to you the degradation of the wearers, for a red jacket in the saddle is not wearers, for a red jacket in the saddle is not such a plain proclamation of flunkeyism as a red jacket on the coach-box. And you lounge under the stately palms, dreamily watching this "vision of fair women," so gracefully set forth, and scarcely understand its chief peculiar charm, till the chance appearance in that dainty throng of some irrational male creature (probably a Fanqui, or outside barbarian like yourself,) strikes a sudden discord into that luxurious harmony, and reveals the secret to you. The effect upon your mind of a man, in

women, exquisitely dressed, and enthout bonnets!

I am informed, by competent female judges, that finer fans can be bodylit in Mausinass than in any other place in Cuba; and certainly the prettiest fan I have seen in the island was bought here, and cost only \$54. It was very tastefully painted, and mountid upon exquisitely carved sicks in mosher-of-pearl; the borla, or tassel, might have adorned the smoking-cap of an emperor. I have seen very pretty ones, too, of an inferior quality. These and all other frail elegances of civilized life can be purchased in Cuba at lower rates than in the United States; for the Spanish tariff, which is mercilless to American flour, and compels the crooles to live on the wheat of Estremadura and Old Castile, imported to Cuba in Fenol ships, that make the voyage from the Bay of Biscay to the Caribbean Sea in three or four months, with fair winds—the Spanish tariff is very merciful to all luxuries. The wines and muslins of France, the linens and cutlery of England, can be found here, of excellent quality and at moderate prices. The Spanish fan, manufactured in Paris, is in very great demand with the creole ladies, and forms no small item in the expenses of a large female household. You may judge (and in this case the example is a fair one) of the morale of the pleasant shopmen of Matanzas and Havana, from the fact that in the first shop in town, a lady friend of mine this morning bought for \$26 two fans for one Matanzas and Havana, from the fact that in the first shop in town, a lady friend of mine this morning bought for \$26 two fans, for one of which \$30, and for the other \$17, had been previously asked!

W. H. H.

SIGNS OF PROGRESS AT THE SOUTH

We are always specially pleased when w have occasion to record the signs of progress in the Southern States, and take occasion to present a few of these items of interest to our readers. A correspondent at the South writes thus to the National Intelligencer:

"We are in earnest in regard to the education of our youth at home, and Northern insti-tutions of learning will feel that we are so. We are in earnest in regard to aiding individ-We are in earnest in regard to aiding individuality, and by community of sentiment, the publishing of school books and works for religious instruction, under Southern supervision. We are in earnest in regard to giving the Press such a position, by the contribution of wealth and talent, as to show the world that the South is not yet in a state of mental subjection."

The Natchez Mirror, in noticing the fact

dred thousand dollars out of Uncle Tom's Cab-

We cannot unite in the lamentations of the

Mirror, though Mr. Fletcher's publisher probwrites of the state of feeling in Kentucky;

writes of the state of feeling in Kentucky:

1. Out of twelve hundred members of our Church in Kentucky, there are but seventy-five slaveholders. In my own Church, out of nine-ty members, we have but three slaveholders. We have two colored elders, appointed by the Session, to look after the interests of their brethren. All the children of colored members are baptized by myself, and admitted to the Sabbath school, under teachers of their own color. Their spiritual interests are cared for in pasto-

been the case in Frankfort, where they own two handsome brick churches. They even hold fairs to aid in their benevolent operations, and have two secret societies, called the Sons of Union, and parade the streets in uniform at the burial of any of their number; and I do not

3. Our Supreme Court, not long since, liberated a slave named Clarissa, who sued for her freedom on the following grounds: That her mistress was dead, but during her life had taken her to Philadelphia, and there resided seven months, when, by the laws of Pennsylvania, a slave coming to the State, with the consent of the owner, and remaining six months, was free. She further stated that she had no objection to living with her mistress during life, but now did not wish to go into the possession of the heirs. The lower court manumitted her, and it was taken by anneal to the higher tribunal it was taken, by appeal, to the higher tribunal, which confirmed the decision—thus establish-ing a precedent, by which near \$20,000 worth of slaves, just about here, are entitled to their freedom. A great many refuse to claim it.

4. Of all the emancipationists in this State
that I have ever seen, nine tenths became such

under Presbyterian preaching, on both sides of 5. There is a better state of feeling now than ever on the subject. As a question of dollars and cents, it is being discussed among ourselves, no less than a question of morals. The people of Kentucky are beginning to think that, for the first time, the matter is to be left to them, and they are looking about to find a remedy for it; and all we ask of you, brethren, is your for it; and all we ask of you, brethren, is your prayers and your forbearance. Let us also see the exhibition of patience; for the evil will not be removed in a day or a year. As Christians, we have no sympathy with it; and as men, we will vigorously, but prudently and as we deem best, labor for its extermination.

Although the Church may not acknowledge it, some credit is due to C. M. Clay, and the true men of Kentucky, who have boldly advocated emancipation as the duty and policy of her people, and to them may be attributed the discussion of the matter "as a question of dollars and cents"-a view which the Church did not originate. We rejoice in the hopeful view here exhibited, and trust the day will soon come when Emancipation will be proclaimed in Kentucky.

LETTER FROM NEW MEXICO. SANTACK, N. M., June 27, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era : Your valuable papers have begun to make their regular appearance at my house, and are read with great pleasure. I am glad to find that the Era still preserves the high tone of its earlier days, and is still equally removed from

earlier days, and is still equally removed from defection to a great cause on the one hand, and fanaticism on the other.

I write you from a portion of our country which has received from the powers at home a "glorious latting alope." While other Territories have received prompt and generous assistance, we have been left to struggle as best we could for existence and prosperity. We have been in the predicament of the poor fellow who fell overboard in the presence of two Irishmen, one of whom bet three shillings that the man would drown, while the other bet two shillings that he would not. A similar bet seems to have been ventured upon by certain shiftings that he would not. A similar bet seems to have been ventured upon by certain dignitaries, who have condescended from time to time to bestow a leisure glance on New Mexico; and one might judge that some, to gain their trifling bet, have done something worse than even to let us alone. Well, with all our

than even to let us alone. Well, with all our splurging and sprawling we don't intend to drown, nor permit others to drown us; and, after all the sneers and odium, merited and unmerited, which have been heaped upon us, you will yet have the pride and pleasure of seeing Americanism here achieving victories sufficiently brilliant to convince all skeptics that we are still true to the guiding genius of

the anarchy which prevails in the Mexican Republic, can readily imagine the confusion and difficulty with which our civil authorities have had to contend, in the prosecution of their legitimate functions.

As it is much easier to build a house

new spot than on the foundations of an old one of different size, whose walls must be pull-ed down and the rubbish removed, so it would

to his hands.

The Mexican population are living in the utmost peace. Revolutions are no longer talked of. Governor Lane, on his arrival, sent word to some of the would-be revolutionists that, should any distorbance break out among them, he would proclaim martial law, and hang not merely blankets and buckskins, but broadcloth also. This has had a wonderful

is not yet in a state of mental subjection."

The Natchez Mirror, in noticing the fact that Mrs. Stowe makes from fifty to one hundred thousand dollars out of Uncle Tom's Cah.

The Nabajoes have been showing some signs of dissatisfaction, and the prevailing idea seems to he that they must have one or two sound castigations before they will settle down and follow peaceful occupations.

As the President is determined to support of the control of the c

Expense of pasturage for 1 year Whole expense, first year - - \$4,624 Average increase of 2,000 sheep, 80 per cent., 1,600, worth \$2 per head -Wool, 5,000 pounds, at 1232 cents per pound

Proceeds first year - - - 83.825 We have pasture enough the year round support immense herds of cattle; and we could, without doubt, raise wool enough to supply all the looms in the United States. But, having detained you sufficiently long for the present, I will close.

For the National Era LONG AGO.

BY JOHN H. HOOPES In vain I strive, with livelier air, To wake the breathing string; The voice of other times is there And saddens all I sing.—Moore

My heart within me yearneth still, And fancy fancies o'er, And mem'ry holds in sacredness The good old days of yore; For times and things and mon have changed There's nothing that I know That seems to me as good and pure

As they of Long Ago. The days of youth were sweet to me, And brighter far than now, For years of pain have left the trace And darkest clouds are gathering fast Around me, dark and low And gladly would I welcome back

The days of Long Ago. And forms I loved to gaze upon, Voices I loved to hear. All to the "spirit land" have gone-Have passed the shadows drear-Or out upon the wide world roam, Not knowing where to go,

And sigh when mem'ry calls to mind The days of Long Ago The streamlets flow as gladly by, And birds as sweetly sing, And flowers burst their prison doors To bloom in early spring.

They bring to mind the annny past, And joys I used to know,

They tell of Long Ago. The leaves have withered in their pride, And flower bloom no more: Thus all have perished -ALL have died-The things I loved of yore; The autumn winds their requiem sing In mounful strain and low And gladly would I go to join The ones of Long Ago.

Whose shadows now are parting fast-

For the National Era THE TEACHER'S TRIAL AND REWARD.

"At the first moment of recess, the boy

oried the boy who had been my first informer.
""What's that to you, picaninny Pete?' re
torted the sharp tone of Walter; "babies ma

mind their own business."

"And big boys better mind their brag!"
drawled the other, with a hectoring chuckle.

"Harsh words followed fast, and blows were already on the way. I called suddenly from

the stone stop—

"'Walter! will you bring me a sprig of that
wild honeysuckle in the field, yonder! I want
it for my herbarium.'

"Nothing restores self-respect and good hu-"Nothing restores self-respect and good humor to a culprit so effectually as the commission of an errand, be it ever so slight. Walter came back with a countenance almost cleared, bringing a quantity of the fragrant flowers I opened my Botany, and wiled him to stay, while I found the description of the plant, and explained the hard, dry terms that defined it. Then, as I laid it between papers to press, his wondering eyes followed every motion.

"I don't think I should like a herbarium," he said, bluntly, at last, looking down at a fresh flower which he was yet twirling in his fingers.

one of different size, whose walls must be pulled down and the rubbish removed, so it would have been a work of less difficulty to have formed a government here had an old and rotton one never been in existence.

The administration of Governor Lane has laid the plan for a well-defined course of policy. The machinery of law has been set in full operation, and many a sapient official, in the discharge of his duties, is amazed to find that a thing of life and meaning has been intrusted to his hands.

The Mexican population are living in the numost peace. Revolutions are no longer talked of. Governor Lane, on his arrival, sent word to some of the would-be revolutionists

"From that day I found little to trouble my peace in Walter. He redeemed his pledge most honorably; and still he kept aloof from me, as though ashamed of his former conduct, and yet afraid to show that shame. He did not grow to my heart as did Eddie. But I mourned the day of his return to the distant city of snares and temptations, and sighed, as I said to myself, 'Would that noble boy could be saxed!'

Eddie had given himself a living sacrifice. It was hard to say 'Thy will be done!'
"But he did say it, as he lay in child-like helplessness, not many days after, waiting particles of the complete the same of the complete the tiently for the Angel of Death to unlock the gate of a new life that has no sickness, no disappointment, no end!

"I planted a laurel on Eddie's grave, and a sensitive plant beside it—mute emblems of the spirit that had struggled in the frail form be-low. 'Why was he taken?' I asked, with tears, as I turned from it the last time; 'had the wicked world no need of his pure spirit? How many hundreds it might have spared before him!! Thus we complain, short-sig, 'ed gropers along the shore of eternity!"

Aunt Hannah paused for the first time sat poising her needles upon her idle fing re-as though buried in reverie. Mary drev a deep breath, and asked, softly, at last— "And what of your self-willed boy, aunt, your Walter? Did he ever cross your track

again?"
"My Walter!" exclaimed the old lady

brightening up. "You shall hear! I was thinking how many years had passed since my first journey to the Western country. It seems more than twenty; and yet it can hardly be," she said, as if reckoning, with her eyo

ly be," she said, as if reckoning, with her eye fixed on Mary.

"Well! twenty years ago I was floating down the Ohio, on a fine steamboat; that is, fine for those days. I was alone, and rather adventurous. But I had an unconquerable curiosity to see the grand old woods of 'the West' in their glory. They were all around me then. I suppose I should be forced to sail many a long mile beyond the Ohio, now adays, to find 'the West.' I was standing by the railing of the guards, enjoying the waying the railing of the guards, enjoying the waving panorama, when a little boy, about four years old, came running by me. His soft hair

streamed back on the wind, and his cheeks glowed with the delight of having escaped from his nurse, in the cab n.

"Franky!" called a shrill voice, and a woolly head was thrust through the cabin doorway." Come have Franky room? way. 'Come here, Franky, rogue.'
"'No, no! don't want to!' exclaimed 'Fran-

ky, rogue,' in high glee, backing toward the railing of the boat, as she pursued him. All at once he knocked a part of the guard, close by the gangway, that had been carelessly fastened. It gave way, and, stumbling back, he was just falling over the boat's side, when I caught his velvet frock by the skirt, and held him hanging over the dark blue waters.

" Nurse and child each gave a scream enough to bring crew and passengers in a body to our assistance. Among them was a young woman in a white dressing gown, with her long fair hair half braided, half streaming, to her waist. She looked more like a startled sunbeam than anything else, at that moment, as she bounded through the crowd with a mother's energy, and caught her rescued boy in her arms. 'Oh!' she breathed, folding him to her heart. The nurse soon told her the story, and, turning to me, she caught my band, and looking up tearfully, the said, 'His father will bless you for this! 'Oh! could I have met him with one child wanting?⁷ Then seeming to recover consciousness of her dishabille, she glided back into her state-room carrying her

"About an hour afterward, as I sat studyin the countenances that moved up and down the cabin, Master Franky's head peeped from behind a curtain, and soon he made his appearance in full, fastened by one finger to his mother, who had regained her composure. Now, in a neat travelling dress, with a face above the order of common beauty, she seemed a petita embodiment of graceful dignity. The nurse followed, bringing a year-old baby, with peachy cheeks, dark-blue eyes, and dimpled hands.

his mother's permission to take him upon deck, as he seemed restless from confinement.

will take the trouble of watching him," she replied, gratefully. 'Franky is a sad rogue!' The smile that dimpled her face as she said this, annulled the shake of the head that accompanied it.

"So you are a minister's boy, are you?' I asked of the little fellow, after some remark from him about his father, whom he expected

from him about his father, whom he expected to meet at L—— in a few hours.

"'No!' said he, shaking his curls archly.
"'No, no!' he shouted gleefully. 'I'm a professor's boy, that's what I am! I want to climb that rope tree. I don't want to sit still."

"I found my task of guardian no very easy one; for the little fellow insisted on being escorted over the whole boat, and getting an swers to a thousand and one drall questions.

corted over the whole hoat, and getting answers to a thousand and one droll questions.

"The supper bell rang and I saw the young mother escorted to the head of the long table by the gentlemanly captain, who, with a knot of gentlemen, seemed assiduous in attentions to her. Franky was called to her side, and I lost him for a time.

"I next caught sight of his round, curly pate, cased in a blue cap with gold tassel, as he ran to my side, where I was standing on deck, and shouted 'Here she is, mamma! I've catched her!"

shawl, ready for landing at the wharf of the city we were nearing. A bright glow broke over her face as she laid her tiny gloved hand on my arm, and said—

""My husband must see you, madam, if you will permit me to introduce you. He will soon be on board. What name shall I give him?"

"I gave her my name.
"I shall always remember it, she said, wit h

"I shall always remember it,' she said, wit henergy. 'Franky, dear, don't go quite so near the side of the boat. You have made me tremulous all day. There! papa is coming soon. Stand by me, and look out for papa!"

"Our boat struck the wharf soon, and the bustle and confusion of lading and unlading began. Suddenly a tall gentleman pushed his way through the army of Irishmen on the pier, and sprang upon deck with one bound.

"Franky clapped his hands and screamed with delight; the baby crowed an echo of his glee, though it knew not why. The young wife was already in the arms of her husband.

"Liszie!' he exclaimed, but she did not speak a word. She had forgotten me, I saw, and feeling myself quite an intruder, I was turning away, when she caught my sleeve.

"Oh! Miss Willis! stay! Walter, you must thank this lady, for I cannot! She has saved our boy from drowning!" thank this lady, for I cannot! She our boy from drowning!"
"'Miss Willis!' exclaimed the

"'Miss Willis!' exclaimed the gentleman, quickly, seizing my hand, and sorutinizing my face with a pair of keep dark eyes—'the same, the very same! My dear lady, what chance sont you into this quarter of the globe? Why, do you not recognise your plague of schooldays, your thorn in the spirit, your culprit'—
"'Can it be Walter R——?' I asked, staring at him in a kind of incredulous surprise.
"'Nobody but himself, dear Miss Willis, and